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Love Unexpressed. BY CONSTANCE PENIMORE WOOLSON.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-

The sweetest notes among the human heartstrings
Are dull with rust:
The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust;
We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
Upon the self-same strains,
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
Come back in sad refrains.

n through the world we go, an army marching.
With listening ears.
Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music,
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love, to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, bitter days.

They love us, and we know it: this suffices
For reason's share.
Why should they pause to give that love expres-With gentle care?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain
Of bungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid.
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence Its fate fulfils.

Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music Beyond the distant hills.

The only difference of the love in heaven From love on earth below

Is here we love and know not how to tell it.

And there we all shall know.

—Appleton's Journal.

TELL YOUR WIFE.

"Tell my wife!" said Aaron Little speaking aloud, yet to himself, in a half troubled way. "Tell my wife, indeed! Much good that will do! What does she know about business, and money matters, and the tricks of trade? No.

And Aaron Little eat musing with a perplexed countenance. He held a newspaper in his hand, and his eyes had ust been lingering over a paragraph in which the writer suggested to business men the propriety of consulting their

"Talk to them freely about your affairs," it said. "Let them understand exactly your condition. Tell them of your difficulties, of your embarrassments, and your plans of extricating yourselves from the entanglements in which you are involved. My word for it, you will get help in nine cases out of ten. Women have quick perceptions. They reach conclusions by a nearer way They reach conclusions by a nearer way than reasoning, and get at the solution of a difficult question long before your slow moving thoughts bring you near enough for accurate observation. Tell your wives, then, men in trouble, all about your affairs! Keep nothing back. The better they understand the matter, the clearer will be their perceptions."

"All a very fine theory," said Aaron doing it! A man must be hard pushed, indeed, when he goes home to consult his wife on business affairs."

And so Aaron Little dismissed the subject. He was in considerable doubt and perplexity of mind. Things had not gone well with him for a year past, Dull business and bad debts had left his affairs in an unpromising condition. He could not see his way clear for the future. Taking trade as it had been for the past six months, he could not imagine how, with the resources at his command, his maturing payments were to be made.

'I must get more capital," he said to himself. "That is plain. And with more capital must come a partner. I don't like partnerships. It is so difficult to work together harmoniously. Then you may get entangled with a rogue. It's a risky business. But I see no other way out of this trouble. My own capital is too light for the business I am doing; and as a measure of safety more must be brought in. Lawrence is anxious to join me, and he says he can command ten thousand pounds. I don't like him in all respects, he's a little too But I want his money fond of pleasure. more than his aid in the business. He might remsin a silent partner if he chose. I'll call and see him this very night, and have a little talk on the subject. If he can bring in ten thousand pounds, I think that will settle the mat-

With this conclusion in his mind. Aaron Little returned home, after closing his warehouse for the day. Tea being over, he made preparations for going out, with the intention of calling on Mr. Lawrence.

As he reached his hand for his great cost, a voice seemed to say to him:
"Tell your wife. Talk to her about

But he rejected the thought instantly, and commenced drawing on his

"Where are you going, Aaron?" asked Mrs. Little, coming forth from the dining-room. "Out for a little while," he replied. "I'll be back in haif an hour or so."

"Out where?" "Tell her, Asron. Tell her about it," said the voice, speaking in his mind.
"Nonsense, she don't understand

anything about business. She can't help me," he answered firmly. Tell your wife!" The words were in his mind, and would keep repeating

themselves. "Can't you say where you are going, Why do you make a mystery

"Oh, it's only a matter of business. I'm going to see Mr. Lawrence." Edward Lawrence?

"Tell your wife" The words seemed almost as if uttered aloud in his ears. What are you going to see him

"Tell her!" Mr. Little stood irresolute. What good would telling her do? "What's the matter, Aaron? You've been dull for some time past. Nothing going wrong with you, I hope?" And his wife laid her hand upon his arm, and leaned toward him in a kind way.

"Nothing was wrong," he answered an evasive manner. "Business has in an evasive manner, been dull this season." Has it? I'm sorry. Why didn't you tell me?"
"What good would it have done?"

to housekeeping." "We won't try that yet, Betsy," said Mr. Little.

"It might have done a good deal of good. When a man's business is dull, his wife should look to the household expenses; but if she knows nothing about it, she may go on in a way that is really extravagant under the circum-stances. I think that men ought always

to tell their wives when anything is going wrong."
"You do?"

rack.

"Certainly I do. What better reason can you want than the one I have given? If she knows that the income is reduced, as a prudent wife she will endeavor to reduce the expenses. Hadn't you better take off your coat and sit down and talk with me a little before you go to see Mr. Lawrence?"
Mr. Little permitted his wife to draw off his overcoat, which she took into the passage and replaced on the hat-Then returning into the parlor,

"Now, Aaron, talk to me as freely as you choose. Don't keep anything back. Whatever the trouble is, let me know it to the full extent,"

"Ob, there's no great trouble yet. I am only afraid of trouble. I see it coming, and wish to keep out of its way, Betsy."

"That's wise and prudent," said his wife. "Now tell me why you are going to see Mr. Lawrence."

to see Mr. Lawrence."
Mr. Little's eyes fell on the floor, and he sat for some moments in silence.

Then looking up, he said:

"The truth is, Betsy, I must have
more capital in my business. There
will be no getting along without it. Now Mr. Lawrence can command, or at least he says he can command, ten thousand pounds. I think he would like to join me. He has said as much two or three times." "Are you going to see him on that

"I was. "Don't do it," said Mrs. Little, emphatically.

"Why not?" asked Aaron. "Because he isn't the man for younot if he had twenty thousand pounds."
"Because is no reason," replied Aaron Little

"The extravagance of his wife is, was answered firmly.
"What do you know about her?"
"Only what I have seen. I have called on her two or three times, and have noticed the style in which her house is furnished. It is arrayed in palace attire compared with ours. And as for dress, it would take the interest of a little fortune to pay her milliner's and mantua-maker's bill. No, no, Aaron, Mr. Lawrence isn't your msn, depend on it. He'd use up the ten thousand pounds in less than two

years."
"Well, Betsy, that's pretty clear order is to get the house off my hands."
talk," said Mr. Little, taking a long breath. "I'm rather afraid, after what more capital, or-"

paused. "Or what?" His wife looked at him steadily, and without any signs of weak

anxiety 'Or I may become a bankrupt." "I'm sorry to hear you say that, Aaron," and Mrs. Little's voice trembled perceptibly. "But I'm gled you've told The new parlor carpet, of course,

I shall not order."
"Oh, as to that, the amount it will cost can make no great difference," said Mr. Little. "The parlor does look shabby, and I know you've set your

heart on a new carpet. "Indeed, and it will make a differonce then," replied the little woman in her decided way. "The last feather breaks the camel's back. Aaron Little "The last feather shall never fail because of his wife's ex-travagance. I wouldn't have a new carpet now if it were offered to me at half price."

"You are a brave, true woman, Betsy said Aaron, kissing his wife, in the glow of a new-born feeling of admiration.
"I hope that I shall ever be a true, brave wife," returned Mrs. Little, "willing always to help my husband, either in saving or in earning, as the case may

be. But let us talk more about your affairs: let me see the trouble nearer. Must you have ten thousand pounds right away?" "Oh, no, no; it is not so bad as that. I was only looking ahead, and seeking to provide the means for approaching payments. I don't want a partner so ar as the business itself is concerned.

I don't like partnerships; they are almost always accompanied with annoy-ances or danger. It was the money I was after; not the man." "The money would come dearly at the price of the man, if you took Mr. Lawrence for a partner. At least that is my opinion. But I am glad to hear you say, Aaron, that you are in no immediate danger. May not the storm be

weathered by reefing sail as the sailors By reducing expenses ?"

Mr. Little shook his head. "Don't say no too quickly," replied the wife. "Let us go over the whole matter at home and at the store. Suppose one or two thousand pounds were saved in the year, what difference would

that make?"
"Oh, if that were possible, which it is not, it would make a vast difference in the long run, but it would hardly meet the difficulties that are approaching."
"Suppose you had five hundred pounds within the next two months, eyond what your business will give

"That sum would make me safe for the two months. But where is the five hundred pounds to come from, Betsy?" " Desperate diseases require desperate emedies," replied the brave little voman in a resolute way. "I'm not afraid of the red flag."

"What do you mean by the red flag?" "Let us sell off our furniture at auction, and put the money in your busi-It won't bring less than five hundred pounds; and it may bring more My piano alone is worth nearly a hun-We can board for a year or two and when you get all right again, return

"But something must be done.

disease is threatening, and my first prescription will arrest its violence. I have something more to propose. It comes into my mind this instant; after breaking up we will go to mother's. You know she never wanted us to leave there. It won't cost us much over half what it does now, taking rent into the account. We will pay sister Annie something to take care of little Eddie and Lizzie through the day, and I will go into your warehouse as chief clerk."

"Betsy, you're crazy!"
"Not a bit of it, Asron, but a sensible voman, as you will find before you're a year older, it you'll let me have my way. I don't like that Hobson, and never did, as you know. I don't believe he's a fair man. Let me take his place, and you will make a clear three hundred pounds a year; and may be, as much

ore."
"I can't think of it, Betsy. Let us "You must think of it, and we won't wait awhile," replied the resolute wife. "What is right to be done is best done Is there not safety in my quickly.

"Yes, I think there is; but-" "Then let us adopt it at once, and throw all buts overboard, or," and she looked at him a little mischievously, "perhaps you would rather have some talk with Mr. Lawrence first!" "Hang Mr. Lawrence!" ejaculated

Aaron Little "Very well; there being no help in Mr. Lawrence, we will go to work to help ourselves. Self-help, I've heard it said, is always the best help, and most to be depended on. We may know ourselves, and trust ourselves; and that is a great deal more than we can say about other people. When shall we have the sale?

"Not so fast, Betsey, not so fast. I haven't agreed to the sale yet. That would be to make a certain loss. Furniture sold at auction never realizes

above half its cost."

"It would be a certain gain, Aaron, if it saved you from bankruptcy, with which, as I understand it, you are threatened."

"I think," said Aaron, "we may get on without that. I like the idea of your coming into my warehouse and taking Hobson's place. All the money from retail sales passes through his hands, and he has it in his power, if

not honest, to rob me seriously. I've not felt altogether easy in regard to him of late. Why, I can hardly tell. l've seen nothing wrong. But if you will take his place, three hundred pounds will be saved certainly."

"But if I have my house," Mrs. Little answered to this, "how can I help you at the warehouse? The first thing in the save of the house of my house."

order is to get the house off my hands."
"Don't you think that Annie could Little, tossing the newspaper back in his chair. "But it won't do in my case. But what am I to do?" and his periment?"

Tell Betsy! Yes, I'd like to see myself voice fell into a troubled tone, "I must "But the money, Aaron; the money

this furniture will bring! That's what I am looking after. You want money now.'

"Then let us hang out the red flag Half-way measures may only ruin every-thing. I know that mother will not thing. let Annie leave home, so it's no use to think of it. The red flag—the red flag Depend upon it, that's the first right thing to be done. Five or six hundred pounds in hand will make you feel like another person-give you courage, con-

idence and energy." "You may be right, Betsy; but I can't bear the thought of running out that red flag, of which you talk so light

Shall I say coward? Are you afraid to do what common prudence tells you is right?"

"I was afraid, Betsey; but am no longer faint-hearted. With such a brave little wife as you to stand by my side, I need not fear the world." In a week from that day the red flag was hung out. When the auctioneer made up his accounts, he had in hand

a little over eight hundred pounds, for which a check was filled out to the order of Aaron Little. It came into his hands just at the right moment, and made him feel, to use his own words, "as easy as an old shoe." One week later, Mrs. Betsey Little took the place of Mr. Hobson, as chief manager and cash receiver in her husband's ware house. There were some few signs of rebellion among the clerks and shop girls at the beginning; but Mrs. Betsey had a quick, steady eye, and a self-re-liant manner that caused her presence to be felt, and soon made everything subservient to her will. It was a re markable fact, that at the close of the first week of her administration of affairs, the cash receipts were over thirty pounds in excess of the receipts of any

week within the previous three months "Have we done more business than usual this week?" she asked of one clerk and another; and the uniform an

swer was, "No."
"Then," said the lady to herself there's been foul play here. No wonder my husband was in trouble." At the end of the next week the sales came up to the same average, and at the end of the third week were forty pounds better than before Mrs. Little undertook to manage the retail department. Whether there had been "foul play" or not, Aaron Little could never fully determine; but he was in no

doubt as to one thing, and that was the easy condition of the money market after the lapse of half a year. For four or five months previous to Mrs. Little's administration of affairs, he was on the street nearly half his time during business hours, engaged in the work of money-raising; now his regular receipts had got in advance of his payments, so that his balance on the morning of each day was usually in excess of the notes to be lifted. Of course he could give more attention to busi ness, and of course business increased and grew more profitable under the improved system. By the end of the year to use his own words, he was

right." Not so a neighbor of his, who,

to get more capital, had taken Mr. Law-

rence as a partner. Instead of bring-ing in ten thousand pounds, that "cap-

italist" was only able to put down three

thousand; and before the end of the

firm for as much more, in payment of old obligations. A failure of the house followed as an mevitable result. When the fact of the failure, and the

cause which led to it, became known to Mr. Little, he remarked, with a shrug: "I'm sorry for B—; but he should have told his wife."

"Of what?" asked the person whom he addressed the remarks. "Of his want of more capital, and his intention to make a partner of Law-

"What good would that have done?"
"It might have saved him from ruin, s it did me."

"You are mysterious, Little." "Am I? Well, in plain words, a year ago I was hard up for money in my business, and thought of taking in Lawrence. I told my wife about it. She said, 'Don't do it.' And I didn't; for her 'Don't do it' was followed by suggestions as to his wife's extravagance that opened my eyes a little. I told her at the same time of my embarrass-ments, and she set her bright little head to work, and showed me the way o work out of them. Before this I al ways had a poor opinion of woman's wit in matters of business; but now I say to every man in trouble-'Tell your wife.

Current Items.

A PENNSYLVANIAN has signed the tem perance pledge 320 times, THERE is a large emigration from the

upper counties of Tennessee to Alabama THE average life of an Arkansas week

ly paper is seventy days, and sixty-nine of these days are very sick ones. FRED. SINGER, of McGregor, Iowa, cut his throat from ear to ear, last week upon learning he was attacked by small

pox. EDWARD A. EGGERT, of Buffalo, has written the Lord's Supper, three times repeated, within the circumference of a

three-cent piece. It is a fact that America has not yet succeeded in producing a raisin grape, though there is something very like it in Califortia.

TRENTON, N. J., has a startling instrument in the shape of a circular saw some twenty-four feet in circumference—the largest in the world. THE Atlanta Plantation suggests that

the drying of figs should become an item of agricultural interest in Georgia, where the fruit grows to perfection. Angel, the Mexican General, has been captured. He doesn't want to stand with his celestial namesakes just at

present, but is afraid he will have to. A PHOTOGRAPHER in Los Angeles, Cal., was astonished the other day by some parties bringing a corpse wrapt in a sheet to his office, to be photographed

EDWIN FORREST has canceled some of his Western engagements, his time being occupied in playing the tragedy of "Rheumatism" to a small but appreciative audience. This is the era of tunnels as well as o

investigations. The latest project is to connect East Boston with the city proper by means of a bore under the harbor Its estimated cost is \$3,000,000. WHEN a man in San Francisco wants

to take a little run to pass away time, he embarks on a sailing vessel for Liver pool. He can get there and back in nine months, if he has good luck.

A Michigan paper reports that an inventive genius in that State has devised an eight-legged steam walking machine that can hitch on and walk off with any amount of tonnage that wheels will roll MRS. ANN THOMPSON, a poor war widow

of West Union, Iows, the other day or-dered the pension for herself and son-\$10 per month—stopped, as her son, a lad of 14 years, was now able to support them. TREES have been found in Australia

aller those of California, though not as One has been measured 480 feet The wood closely resembles red edar, and the bark is sometimes 18 nches thick. TWENTY-FIVE cent diamonds are be oming so plenty among railread brakeman that they are compelled to wear a

piece of carpet over their shirt-bosoms after dark, to avoid giving lantern signals when moving about at stopping-places. A PHILADELPHIA girl married an old man in that city, 40 years ago, expecting to be left a rich widow in a short time. But somehow the old man seemed

to thrive on it, and now she has died at the age of 56, leaving him hale and hearty at 100. A NUMBER of planters throughout Iberia Parish, La., are setting out willow posts, as they find that, in almost every ase, they grow into trees, answering a

double purpose—making the most dura-ble posts, and at the same time giving shade and furnishing fuel. THE widow of the late Gen. Henry W. Halleck, who lately removed from Louisville to Faribault, Minn., is reported to be worth \$1,500,000. She is ducating her son at a Faribault institution, and it is reported that she will endow the school with \$100,000.

A RICHMOND belle has an original ethod of attracting attention to self. She imports her hose from Paris at an expense of \$42 a pair, and, of course, when she goes a walking, crowds flock to see her stockings. Her plan is not commended for general imitation.

A QUEER trot took place at Smith's Falls, Ont., lately. A crippled boy drove a Newfoundland dog harnessed to a seventy-pound sleigh against a local trotter, standing start, and Bruno al lowed two rods at the outcome. dog won three straight heats. The distance was forty rods. BEN. BUTLER is Miss Sadie Wilkinson's counsel in her breach of promise case

gainst Mark M. Pomeroy. ion whether he espoused the cause of plants the heart-broken maiden on account of the retainer, or for the splendid opporyear he had drawn out six or seven tunity offered for "getting even" for the thousand, and had given notes of the names that "Brick" used to give him,

Farm and Garden. THE ARTIFICIAL PROTECTION OF FRUIT AND

From the New York Herald. As the present stormy spring advances the annual fears for the fruit crop increase. The horticultural interests of some sections are the vital interests, and it has become important to all classes, the producing and consuming alike, to save the luscious fruit crop from the desolating breath of March frosts. Among the late and valuable results of meteorologic in-quiry is a very simple method of ascertaining on any particular night whether frost will occur. This is done by first ascertaining the dew point or temperature at which, at the given time and place, the atmosphere will part with its vapor, and this vapor be deposited as water. A simple little in-strument of recept invention, known as Edson's hygrodeik, indicates to any observer at a glance, and without any calculation, the dew point. Where it is exposed—and if the latter be considerably above the freezing point of fresh water-no danger need be apprehended; whereas, if the dew point indicated by the bygrometer is under thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, frost may be predicted with certainty, and no time is to be lost in shielding tender plant from its nipping effects. Unless the wind veers during the night from point of cold to one of warmth, or vice versa, the hygrodeik's indications are very reliable; and in this country, by reference to the daily weather reports and predictions of the Signal Serice, the horticulturist or farmer may almost invariably learn whether the wind will veer. Taken in connection with this scien-

tific expedient for predicting frost, and American meteorologist proposes another expedient for the complete artificial protection of fruit and vegetables, after it becomes known that the frost will occur. The winds, which some-times in a single night destroy the finest prospects of the husbandman, come from the north or northusually west, and it is proposed to protect the largest orchards by one or both of two ways: First, to kindle fires on the windward side of the orchard, which, from his knowledge of the local peculiarities, the farmer is generally a good judge, and to rely upon the veil of smoke spread over the trees to shield them. It is claimed that such a smokecurtain overhanging the exposed area will serve effectually to arrest the rafrom the wood of the trees, and thus to keep the dew point above the freezing point. Or, where it is possible and convenient, to evaporate water in large boilers ranged on the windward side of the fruit, which, it is thought, will prove even a better preventive of deadly frosts arising from the radiation of heat, not only from the soil of the earth, but from the fibers of the plant. The ascensional movement of six and ticket for the East, and his margin was small when that was done.

"Bread and butter this morning," he said, whistling, as he joined the throng outside. A few steps off he saw a very modest little shanty, which seemed to have nobody near it. The ascensional movement of air over the fires or large boilers would, it is contended, serve to divert above the tree tops the current of frigid and frost bearing air. In the longitudinal valleys of Switzerland it has been found that the coldest currents descend close upon the ground, and the Swiss vil ages are generally built on eminences rising out of the sides of the mountains, and bounded on both sides by gorges and ravines, into which the coldest descending currents turn aside. In the mountainous parts of our country this fact might be taken advantage of in the artificial protection of fruit the means suggested. The efficacy of these means is attested by the dis tinguished physicist Bousingault, who states that in the plains of Cusco, in Peru, especially on still, clear evenings, the Indians set fire to heaps of we straw or brush, and by this means raise clouds of smoke, which prevent frostthe smoke acting as a mantle to the earth, enabling it to retain its warmth during the night. It is also well-known that the peasants of Chamouni, in Switzerland, do the same precise'y if their crops have not ripened toward the end of the season, burning green wood on the two sides of the inclosing mountains of their valley, the smoke of which, forming in the middle a cloudy canopy, effectually obstructs the radiation of heat into free space and protects the growth of the summer. The Signal Service, if properly developed and extended, as the people are now demanding of Congress, will afford all the information necessary for the im-mense agricultural and horticultural in-

terests of the country, and prove of as great and incalculable benefit to them s it has already proved to the mercanile and shipping interests. TO MEASURE CORN IN THE CRIB. Add the width of the bottom of the crib-in inches to the width across the orn in the upper part, also in inches; divide the sum by two, and multiply it the height and length of the corn n the crib, also in inches, and divide the product by 2,750. The result will give the heaped bushels of ears, two of which will make a bushel of shelled By multiplying the average width, height, and length, in inches, together, the cubic contents in inches is found, and 2,750 cubic inches make

a heaped bushel. SULPHUR FOR FOWLS. Sulphur mixed with soft food and given to fowls two or three times a month, has a very beneficial effect. It seems to permeate through the system of the fowl, promoting health and preventing disease. It also has a tendency to rid poultry of vermin. Mix with the ced intended for ten or a dozen fowls. about two dessert spoonfuls of pulverized sulphur and give as directed, and the beneficial results thereof will be een in a very short time.

SOWING CLOVER SEED.

Farmers who grow clover seed are commended by a writer in the Rural World to sow the seeds in the chaff without hulling, since it is actually worth more and will bring a better crop than the same quantity of seed will if hulled. He says many of the seeds are injured by hulling, and the chaff is a rotection to the young and tender

An immense amount of corn is embarked on barges at Havana, Ill., which rice, and this story tells how he came will go down the river at the first rise, there. A fox, a monkey, and a rabbit

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS. The Changeling-A Story Told to Gracie.

One day in summer's glow,
Not many years ago,
A little baby lay upon my knee,
With rings of silken hair,
And fingers waxen fair.
Tiny and soft, and pink as pink could be.

We watched it thrive and grow.—
Ah me! we loved it so.—
And marked its daily gain of sweeter charms:
It learned to laugh and crow.
And play, and kiss us—so—
Until one day we missed it from our arms.

In sudden, strange surprise,
We met each other's eyes.
Asking, "Who stole our pretty babe away?"
We questioned earth and air.
But, seeking everywhere,
We never found it from that summer day. But in its wonted place
fibere was another face,—
e girl's, with yellow curly hair
About her shoulders tossed,—
And the sweet babe we lost
d sometimes looking from her eyes so fair

She dances, romps and sings, And does a hundred things Which my lost baby never tried to do; She longs to read in books, And with bright, eager looks Is always asking questions strange and new

And I can scarcely tell.

I love the rogue so well.

Whether I would retrace the four-years' track
And lose the merry sprite
Who makes my home so bright,
To have again my little baby back.

Ah, blue eyes! do you see,
Who stole my babe from me,
And brought the little girl from fairy clime?
A gray old man with wings,
Who steals all precious things—
He lives forever, and his name is Time.

He rules the world, they say:
He took my babe away—
My precious babe—and left me in its place
This little maiden fair,
With yellow curly hair,
Who lives on stories, and whose name is Grace
—Elizabeth Akers Allen in Young Folks.

Only a Cup of Coffee Fields and fields sparkled like snow in the sun. Away in the distance rose the mountains, bare and brown, their tops lost in the clouds. Close by the railroad track stood the rough station buildings and two or three adobe huts where refreshments were offered to travelers. The express had thundered past an hour before, and now the third class came leisurely up and stopped. Out stepped the passengers, intent upon breakfast. One family, father, mother, and children, had brought their provi-sions with them, and made their tea and coffee as they wanted it on the stove in the car. But most of the com-pany were men, and did not know much about helping themselves. One slender lad, Harry Minturn, sat in his seat at the other end of the car until all diation of solar heat from the earth and around him had gone out; then taking

thought Harry. Entering, a delightful odor of coffee greeted him. How good it was! Just the smell seemed to warm him, and his hand in his pocket felt the few "bits" longingly. Alas! he knew just how far they would go, and how many meals they would buy, and Harry had learned that it is safe never to spend your last penny, and honora ble to scrimp and save, and even ap-pear mean, so that you do not go in debt. The jolly young fellows who told The jolly young fellows who told stories and sang songs in the cars would have lent him money, careless whether it was ever paid, but Harry would as

soon have begged as borrowed An old woman was sitting knitting by the stove. She gave the lad a chair, and asked what he would have. "Two slices of bread and butter ma'am, if you please,"

"Nothing else?"
"That's all," said Harry. The great round of corned beef and the cold mutton were not for him.

"Looks hungry, poor boy!" said the yoman to herself, "Somewhere near the size of my Jim." She cut two generous slices from her large, firm loaf, and put plenty of but ter on them. Over her glasses now and then she watched the appetite with

"Rather dry, now, isn't it?"
"Oh! no!" said Harry. asted anything better." "Won't you take a cup of coffee with t? Do! "Madam," said Harry, "I've three

thousand miles to go, and just enough

money to take me there. Home is at the other end. I've enough for bread this morning, but not enough for coffee. I'll thank you for some water."
"Boy," replied the widow, "I have to lad off at sea, somewhere near your age, and some day on his way to me,

you'll be my Jim to is morning, and have your breakfast." I wish you could have seen the blue and white cup into which she poured the yellow cream, and stirred the sweet brown sugar, and filled up with the foaming coffee. I wish you could have seen Harry drink it, and then, when she wouldn't take a "bit' from his store, just put his arms around

may have to go on short rations. Now

her neck, and say: Well, mother, if you won't take anything else, you must let me kiss you for Jim." It rumpled the cap border a little,

but it did the old lady good, and the

nands from the road coming in a

moment after found her more chipper and cheery than usual. The fields are there yet, glittering with alkali; the brown adobe huts, the unpainted shanty, and the bare rugged cliffs in the distance. Old Mother Malloy still makes her bread and her coffee for the railway folks, and waits for Jim to come in some day. Harry, west ward-bound again, with business before him and funds in his pocket, is meaning to stop at that station to take

gave him in his need what seemed like

nectar, though it was only a cup of

The Rubbit in the Moon. A PABLE.

coffee.

The heathen think that the figure we see in the moon is a rabbit pounding

once lived together in a forest, very happily in one dwelling. One day, an old man, toil-worn, weary and hungry, came to their home, where they gladly welcomed him. After a little while he said to them:

"My children, in my home a great ways from here, I heard that you, al-though from different families, lived very happily together; so I have come to see if this was true. I am tired and

to see it this was true. I am aloca and hungry. Have you nothing that you can get to refresh me?"

They all exclaimed, "We will try."

They went in different directions to see what they could find for the man's supper. The fox went to the river and caught a fish; the monkey climbed a tree and brought the finest cocoanuts, but the little rabbit returned without anything. The old man said to the rab

"My child, I am very sorry that while your friends can each do some-thing for the old and weary, you do not care to do anything."
The little rabbit looked very sad, and

turning to his companions asked them to help him gather some sticks and dried leaves to make a fire. When this was done, he turned to the old man and said:

was done, he turned to the old man and said:

"Kind sir, I am a poor, feeble animal who cannot fish like the fox, or climb trees like the monkey. After looking everywhere, I could find nothing worthy of your acceptance, but to show you that I am willing to do something for you, I will give myself."

With that he threw himself into the fire, and was roasted for the old man's supper. The old man was one of their gods in disguise, and to commemorate the self-devotion of the rabbit, he placed him in the moon, where he should never be forgotten. The next time you see the full moon, I want you to look at it, and see if you can fancy that the at it, and see if you can fancy that the dark figure in it looks like a rabbit standing up on its hind legs, with a stick in its forepaw, pounding rice in a wooden bowl. ad if bon.

Letter Writing. I know I shall be going straight to the nark when I observe that the first diffi culty of almost every boy or girl sitting down to write a letter or an essay is. How shall I begin? Let us first of all look at the case of

writing a letter. A boy who is, we will say, at school, or staying with some friend or relation, thinks he will write home, or he is told by his master, or the friend, that he ought to do so. He the friend, that he ought to do so. He takes up a pen, and is brooding over a sheet of paper; but, unless he has some very particular news to send, or some very particular request to make, be cannot get beyond "My dear Parents." This is partly because children at home are accustomed to such ceaseless care from their fathers and mothers that they have revely to tall their parts. they have rarely to tell their wants or

In Goldsmith's story of the "Vicar of Wakefield" all the travels of the family were from the blue room to the brown, and in that kind of life there does not

seem much occasion for letter writing. But what I earnestly advise boys and girls to do is what I used to do myself when a child, and what I have seen other children do with great advantage. Begin as early as possible to practice writing letters, and, in general, writing things down. I am now supposing that you have learnt to read a little, but do not yet go to school. It is plain that no child who is young enough to need or use this advice is old enough to read it, but older brothers and sisters can, and in helping their juniors, they will be helping themselves. The italic characters of common print are much like those of common hand writing, and are easily used by young fingers on a slate or with a lead pencil on paper—a lead pencil is good to begin with, because it must be held firmly if a strong streke is to be made.

A child of nine or ten may most use fully help to give a child of six (who can read) simple lessons in the use of written language; and, in doing this the elder child will be gaining at least as much as he gives.

I will suppose that you, Bob, aged twelve who can read this, have a sister aged six who cannot, but who can still read some things, and can write a very little. You can say to her — Write down on the slate what sort of a day it is; write where mamma's gone to; write down what you think it is o'clock, and what you were doing a little while ago," and so on. We will shortly say more about the "so on." But it cannot be too often repeated that an older child that teaches a

younger in this way will be teaching himself a great deal more than he at the time has any idea of. There are at least three cases in which perhaps most children feel a desire to write to a father or a mother even when they are all at home together; Ist, when the child has something particular to ask for; 2d, when he thing particular to offer thanks for; 3d, when he has something particular to say he is sorry for. In either of these cases a child may feel just enough shyness to make him inclined to write rather than speak. And the use of such opportunities makes good practice, to begin with, in the art of composition.

But, besides this, there are, perhaps, few children who do not invent and tell

And I say to any Bill, or Tom, or Jess or Alice, who reads this, practice as far as you can the writing out the stories you think of,

You will make many mistakes at first, and will still more frequently fall short of what you ought to do; but never mind that at the starting.—Matthew Brown, in Good Words For The Young.

A MAN named Grubb, living near Barry, Pike county, Ill., on his return from a visit to Laddonia, Mo., on Satur, day, with his wife and sister and three love token to the good old heart that small children, undertook to ford Lick creek, near Laddonia. The water was very high, caused by a heavy storm for the last three days, and when Grubb had reached the middle of the creek the wagon box floated off, the three children were drowned, but the others escaped

with their lives. ABOUT 23,000,000 pounds of Australian preserved meat were imported into Great Britain during the last year.